A

LECTURE

Held Forth at the

Calves-Head Feast

Before a Society of

Olivarians & Round-Heads,

At the *White L---n* in

CORNHILL,

On the Thirtieth of *January*, 169½.

In Contempt of the

Martyrdom of King *Charles* I.

By *Dan. Bergice.*

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Held Forth at the

Calves-Head Feaſt, &c.

In the Thirteenth Spoke of a Cart-wheel you ſhall find theſe words written, *Calves-Head and Bacon.*

THIS is the day (my Beloved) on which we Annually *Sunder our ſelves together*, to Triumph in the Conqueſt we this day made over him that exalted himſelf to Dethrone us *The Choſen of the World*: And ſince nothing is eſteem'd more fit to rub up your Treacherous Memories, than the Repreſentation of the thing ſignified. I have therefore thought fit (my Brethren) to inſiſt upon theſe words, and rattle in your Ears (even as a Company of Drums do at the Window of a new married Couple) my moſt ſecret Cogitations concerning the Premiſes.

This *Calves Head* is a Hieroglifick, or ſecret Repreſentation of a thing, and here it repreſents that of its own likeneſs, *viz. a Head.* Now you are not Ignorant, I am ſure, that a thing without a *Head* looks Simply. I have ſometimes been told, that my Diſcourſe has had neither Head nor Tail; well what then, it has had the more Guts and Heart, and a Swinging Fat Carcaſs. But here, contrary to my former Cuſtom, I have only choſe the Head, as thinking it the moſt Noble Part, being fill'd with Brains, my Beloved; yea theſe very Brains being made pallatable with the Vinegar of Affliction, may whet the Stomachs of our Conſcience, aud beget us an Appetite to, and longing after Holy things; this is the True and Holy Appetite, and not as ſome of us do, to long for a Harlot, who will long for Treats and Mony, and at laſt bring you the *Crinkums*, whether you long for them or no; you may long to be cur'd, but you may chance to go to your long Home firſt.

2. There is a Vexatious Longing, when new married Women *humbly Conceive* in Winter, they are very ſubject to long for Summer Fruit, altogether impoſſible to come at, and therefore they long

for it, on purpose to put their Husbands to charge, and their Friends to trouble: But I say let them eat nothing but *Calves Head and Bacon.*

3. As there are Longings, so there are Loathings, that is, when Satan has clog'd the Stomach of the Inward Man, with Fat Dabs and Greasie Bits of Pleasure and Voluptuousness, that he can digest nothing that is good, but the Lean *Calves Head* of Meekness, eaten with the *Bacon* of Understanding, will never rise in the Stomach and cause Pukeings, which Teeming Girls are troubled with.

4. There is a very bad Loathing when Man and Wife Loath one anothers Conversation; nothing follows but Care and Distraction, Sorrow and Woe, Trouble and Torment, Anguish and Pain, perpetual Slavery, *the Devil upon two Sticks*, the House goes out o'th' Windows, and the whole Family is Damn'd as Black as Butter-milk: Now my Advice to such is, that they would agree Civilly, be quiet for the future, and sit down lovingly like Neighbors Children, and make themselves Merry with a *Calves Head and Bacon.*

5. There is a Loathing of all that's good, and that is none of the best.

6. There is a Loathing and Longing joyn'd together, that is, when a Man loaths to come to a Meeting, and longs to go to a Bawdy-house; but my Friends, Satan has a great Share in such a Man, therefore I leave him, by him to be Buffetted, not thinking him worthy to come to our Feast of *Calves Head and Bacon.*

7. When a Man Loaths Monarchy, and Longs for a Commonwealth, that we may Govern Higgledy Piggledy all over our own Heads: This is that which I recommend to you.

Brethren, this *Calves-Head Feast*, as the World calls it, is held amongst us, *The Chosen of Israel*, for a *Memorandum*, and to Congratulate each other for that Blessed Action in Lopping off the Head of *Charles* I. after we had been long *Soused in the Powdering-Tub of Affliction, when our Hearts failed us, and our Souls were filled with Emptiness*: Let us rejoyce in this, that our Actions are Recorded, and are as a Living Monument to Eternize our Names for so Brave (tho' counted an Impious) Action. I say, let us be glad in this (even as a Sea-man's Wife is, when her Husband is gone a Two Years Voyage) let us not quench the Spirit, but with loud and repeated Huzza's of inward Praises of the Renowned *Oliver*, let us celebrate this day, let us Sing Old Rose and burn the Bellows, Triumphing over our Dearly Beloved *Calves Head and Bacon.*

When I look upon the Lively Emblem of our Sorrows, this Calves Head, it makes me melt into Rapture (even as a Bride on the Marriage night) not for any Remorse of Conscience which I feel dispersed from the lower Deck of my Soul, but for thoughts of past Actions, I Bless that

that Divine Fabrick *Oliver*, who knock'd down the Church like an Oxe, cut the Throat of Monarchy like a Hog, and took off the Head of his Prince *like a Calf*, and at laſt his Horns were exalted above the reſt of his Brethren. This I ſay cauſes my Soul to Rejoyce, and is a very great Support to my Inward Man; I ſuppoſe you are ſenſible that I know on which ſide my Bread is Butter'd, I can ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as another can put his Finger, for what can be ill that is guided by the Inward Man? Something has ſome Savor, a Bit in the Morning is better than nothing all day, and whoever ſays that *Calves Head and Bacon* is not good Prog, they Lye Beloved; yea, they Lye Abominably. But what ſays the World of me: Why truly the Sons of *Belial* have been very buſie, and uſed my Name as a Cloak for, and Author of Prepoſterous Holding Forth; but let that paſs, I am what I am, a real Lover of *Calves Head and Bacon.*

Now my Beloved, the Text being ſhort, and not conſiſting of many words, I ſhall endeavor to divide it by Letters, and explain it according to Art, *Calves Head and Bacon*: C *Cromwel*, A *always*, L *loved*, V *very much*, E *Extempory Prayer*, S *ſuch*, H *Heavenly-mindedneſs*, E *evermore*, A *attended that*, D *diligent Hero.* A *Accordingly he*, N *never*, D *durſt*, B *behold*, A *any Loyal thing*, C *committed* O *on his part*, N *nor no bodies elſe.* Thus, my Beloved, I have divided the Text, which put together make a Sentence, and the Sentence expounded right would fill a Volum, ſo that for ought I can ſee the Text is very Proper, and to the Unlearned Intricate, but to me as plain as a pike Staff.

From which words we may draw theſe Inferences: 1. That as that Holy Champion lov'd Extempory Prayer, it infers that he abhor'd a Form which ſhould teach us to be ware of *a Form—a Form!* Did I ſay Out upon't, a Form! No, no, it is that rotten Form that upholds a Form of Government contrary to our Principles.

2. That a Common-wealth is the only eaſie Method for us Sinful Men, and that we ſhould not ſo much *as* harbor a contrary thought, for it is that Government which is moſt agreeable *to Calves Head and Bacon. Government* (my Friends) ſhould be like *Ignis fatuus*, or *Will in a Whiſp*, that is, without a Head; but then you'll ſay, how ſhould the Tail be guided? Oh no matter, as we would have no Head, ſo we would have no Tail only a Body, and let every Man Rule; this was the Method in *Oliver's* time: Tho this I ſay too, that a Head is neceſſary to every thing elſe, I am Head of this Congregation of *Calves Heads*, every one of you are the Heads of your Families, unleſs your Wives wear the Breeches; and it is as neceſſary to have a Head to a Bed, as to have a handle to a Pipkin, which cannot be managed without. 1. The Head is commonly anſwerable to the Body of a thing, but what is one Head to the Body of a Nation.

This,

This, my Beloved, I know not, no nor a Horſe that has a bigger Head than I. My Beloved, a *Calves Head* is an excellent thing; In the firſt place it ſerves for us to Triumph over. 2. The Brains whet our Stomachs; and 3. The Meat fills them, and the Bones ſerve our Dogs for a Dinner; ſo that in a *Calves Head* nothing is loſt but what goes away in Boyling, and that makes Broth too: The Ears ſhow us that we ought to hear the Word with all Diligence; the Eyes declare that we ſhould diſcern between this and that, and ſee what's what: The Noſe may ſerve to ſhew us, that we ought to Smell where abouts we are, and follow that which is Good by the Scent, even as a Cat does a Mouſe, or a Blood-hound one that has Rob'd a Hen-rooſt: The Tongue may tell or ſhew us, that we ought to Bleat or Roar abroad ſound Doctrine in the Ears of the Sleepy World, even as a Calf does juſt before Milking-time: The Teeth ſhew us, that we ſhould Bite and Pinch our Adverſaries in the Bud, even as a Monky does a Louſe, or a Rigid Lawyer a Profuſe Client; but ſince it is ſo that all Lawyers be K——ves, the beſt Council that I can give you, is to make your Pudding-bag wideſt at the top.

I have now done with the *Calves Head* and come to the *Bacon*, as a thing inſeparable from it: *Bacon* is as much as to ſay Hogs-fleſh in a Smoaky Senſe; now what piece is moſt proper to Boyl with the Head of a Calf, has been much diſputed amongſt the Learned, tho I am clearly for the Tail Chine, that the Head and Tail may go together: *Bacon* is Fat, which ſhows us that we ſhould Thrive, and grow Fat in good Works, and hearing of the Word: The Lean may inform us, that in all our Fat Pleaſures we ſhould here and there mix a Stripe of Lean Afflictions; or as one of our Learned Brothers will have it, it teaches us to eat Bread with Fat *Bacon*, and not like Cats and Dogs that always eat Meat alone: The Rinde of the *Bacon* may ſhew us, that we ſhould be Tough and Hardy in all Perſecutions and Troubles, and defend us from Violent Blows of Affliction by the Briſtles of our Faith; let us ſuffer our ſelves to be *ring'd*, viz. *Chain'd, and put into a Stye with Swine*, that is, into a Priſon with Vagabonds, *and there Fatted* (i. e.) eat Bread and Water, *Be brought out and have our Throats Cut* (i. e.) ſuffer even to Death; then ſhall we have the Honor to be eaten with a *Calves Head* (i. e) we ſhall be remember'd after Death. This I ſpeak with reference to the Sire of the Steward of this Feaſt, that Veſſel of Clay, who ſate as Judge, and was one of thoſe *Fleet* Judges that Condemn'd his Prince to the Fury of *Wood* (i. e.) to looſe his Head on a Scaffold. This very place where we Yearly meet, I have Sanctified to you, the Sign is an Emblem of the *Lyon* of the Tribe of *Judah*, tho I never heard what colour that *Lyon* was, yet 'tis very probable it was *White*, as this is. Think not, O Beloved, that I ſpeak this

this of my ſelf, or by the Inſtigation of the Evil one, but from the Dictates of the Inward Man, who has Reveal'd theſe things to me, in behalf of a Weak and Unbelieving Siſter here preſent; yet now I talk of a Siſter, methinks the Outward Man gets ground, and I feel him Swell and grow Stiff, much reſembling the Horn of Antichriſt, methinks he thruſts forth his Gills and ſhows his Noſe above Water. Yet, my Beloved, ſay not Antichriſt, for he has his ſhare in the Caſt-offs of the World, and not in us the Choſen People; I rather think *this Outward Inſurrection* to proceed from an Inward Cauſe, heated and raiſed up by an Holy Flame of Fraternal Love, when my Bowels yearned towards her my Siſter; ſome adviſe to take a Glaſs of Tent, and a new-laid Egg: Now, my Beloved, this I learn'd of the Children of Darkneſs, for they are grown more Wiſe in their Generation than the Children of Light: But after all, there is nothing like *a Calves Head and Bacon*: Let us beg for ſomething above, to drop down upon this little Willow (i. e.) our Church, that in time it may grow up to be a Sturdy Oak, to be Saw'd out into Deal Boards to Wainſcot the Walls of the *New-Jeruſalem*. Yet let the World do as they will, I ſay ſtill that the Head of a Calf, and the Tail-Chine of a Hog is good Victuals.

Beloved, There are eight things which are an Abomination to mine Eyes, a Surplice, a Common-Prayer-Book, a Gown and Caſſock, a Young Handſome Girl without a Husband, or Married to an Old Doating Fool; an Old Woman Married to a Young Man; a Siſter Married to one of the World, or a Feaſt without *Calves Head and Bacon*: There is likewiſe five things paſt my finding out, The way of a Brother and Siſter in the midſt of a Holy Flame; The way of a Conſtable Nabbing a Bully; The way of a Harlot Cheating a Cully; The way of a Woman when her Husband is out of Town; And the way of a Pick-pocket in a Fair; theſe things are wonderful in mine Eyes. I have often compared the Wicked with us, and find as much difference, as between an Apple and a Nut; they are juſt like blind Bayard, that ſees no better in the Light than in the Dark, Rambles about, and at laſt tumbles Headlong into a deep Ditch, where he is utterly loſt for ever and ever: Let your Eyes be ſet towards your Reſting place, thoſe Sweet Elizium Groves, where gentle Breeſes of whiſpering Gales ſhall Lull you into Extaſies in the Brinks of Heavenly Springs, where Silver Streams run Murmuring along, Tattleing in Charming Notes; this is the place prepar'd for us, where we ſhall have no more occaſion for *Calves Head and Bacon*. Leave the World to the Children of it, and ſteer your Courſe after me, with Weeping Eyes, even as a Child that cries after the Nipple. I deſire you to be mindful of the Main Chance, obſerve the Dictates of the Inward Man, be ſatisfied with your Eſtates, and content

with

with such things as you have, even as a Cat that lyes Snug in a warm Ash-heap, when all the Family is in Bed, thinking no body harm. Oh you that hear me this day, be Mindful, Weep, Howl, and throw your Snot about, and be Sorry for your Offences: When I consider the Stubbornness of your Necks, Hardness of your Hearts, and great Unbelief, it makes me almost resolve to leave you to be Buffetted by the Evil One, and seek out some other Flock that will obey my Hallow, and will know my Dog: Here is the Father against the Son, and the Son against the Father; the Mother against the Daughter, and she against the Maid; some for *Peter*, some for *Paul*, and the most for you don't know who: You are Head-strong, Perverse and Unweily, Rugged, Ruffian-like, Base and Degenerate, Ill-natur'd and Cruel, Hard-hearted, Dubious, nay Incredulous and Unchristian, and for that reason I could find in my Heart to leave you, for indeed what should I stay with you for? Yet now I think on't I won't, perhaps you may grow better when you have fill'd your Bellies with *Calves Head and Bacon.* Nevertheless endeavor to reform your selves, Watch and Pray, be Dutiful to your Superiors, Affable to your Inferiors; Love your Neighbor's Wife as you love him; and love him as you love your self; let all things be done in order, in ample manner, in the form of a Cheese-cake; let your Words be season'd with Salt and a very little Pepper: I intreat this of you for my own sake, that it may not be said of me when I am gone, I shear'd your Fleeces, yet left you uncur'd of the Scab. I have been as Concise as I could in my Discourse, I shall add no more till the next Year, only this, that I would have you mindful to get Dinner on the Table, for now my Stomach serves for *Calves Head and Bacon.*

F I N I S.

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